

JUDGE HIMES ARBITRATES NEIGHBORHOOD QUARREL WITH JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON

**No Crime to Go to 5-cent Show
With Ugly Man — Carpet
Beater Is No Weapon of Of-
fense.**

Mary Sullivan and Elsie Montforth have lived side by side on the West Side for years. But not in peace and amity. Not at all, and their troubles culminated in a trip to the Maxwell street court and a session with Judge Himes.

Court was over, and the judge was issuing warrants to outraged citizens.

"Couple of women to get a warrant, judge," said the court bailiff.

Judge Himes peered over his glasses and realized with the knowledge of long experience that he was confronted with a neighborhood squabble, and another female snarl had to be untangled.

"I suppose each of you wants a warrant for the other," said the judge, intuitively.

"Yes, your honor; you see she—" chorused both ladies excitedly.

"Stop it; stop it," cried the judge. "You'll both be having trouble with me in a minute. Now, Mrs. Montforth, I'll hear from you."

Mrs. Montforth—Elsie—was of the type commonly known as kittenish, and with a bobbing of her fruit-laden hat she bared her anguished heart.

"Judge, your honor," she began, with a coy smile, "I have

been living next to this la—woman (very scornfully) for three years, and I haven't known a moment's peace in that time. Yesterday she hung a carpet over her fence, and beat it so the dust came in my yard. I protested mildly, quite mildly, judge, I merely told her if she didn't stop I'd knock her block off. Then I threw the carpet off the fence, very politely. She put it back again, and when I made another grab for it she hit me with the carpet beater. Judge, my eye was hurt, and I was humiliated to be hit by a woman of her quality. So I didn't make any attack on her, because I am a lady—and she still had the carpet beater. I came down here, for I just knew I could get justice from such a nice man as you.

The judge, seeing the trend of Elsie's remarks, and not caring for the flattery, shut her off.

"How about it, Mrs. Sullivan? Did you hit her?" he demanded.

"Sure, judge, I hit her," declared Mary, with a militant gesture. "It's my fence the carpet was on, and she didn't have a right to throw it off. I didn't want trouble, cause I knew if I started anything I'd be in court the next morning saying 'Good morning, judge!' Judge, if I'd been mad, I'd put so many dents in her she'd a-looked like a waffle. But I didn't hit her because she threw the carpet off the fence. No, indeed. Judge, what do you